

**DOODLE**  
For  
**Dyspepsia**  
Gives rest to the stomach. For indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, tired stomach, weak stomach, windy stomach, puffed stomach, nervous stomach and catarrh of the stomach. A prompt relief.  
SOLD BY STONE & MERCER.

**PEPPY AND EVELYN.**  
Difference in Methods of These Two Famous Diarists.  
Peppy's narrative is always dramatic—himself being the center of the play—while Evelyn is historical, pathetic or didactic, as the mood seizes him. Peppy gives us the comedy of his time, as Plautus and Terence gave us the comedy of theirs. Evelyn, on the other hand, has something of Livy in his composition and not a little of Cicero. Compare, for instance, their treatment of the great fire, and you may measure the distance between them. Thus it is that Peppy's account begins: "Some of our minds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about 3 in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window." And now turn to Evelyn and see the temper in which he views the destruction of the city. "The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length," he writes the day after the fire. "Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a remembrance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, 'Non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem,' the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but it is no more!"  
Peppy sets the scene before you like a man; Evelyn reflects upon the tragedy like a writer, ingenious in reference and quick with allusion. We need not discuss which is the better method, but it may surely be said that the world will produce another hundred Evelyns before it fashions a fitting rival for Peppy.—London Spectator.

**ANCIENT BELLS.**  
Well Known to the Egyptians Before the Jewish Exodus.  
Bells were well known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord and when he cometh out, that he die not."  
Hand bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest church bells rung at nightfall to rid the neighborhood of the village or town and church of demons. Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit before the elevation. By the command of Pope John IX. church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning.  
The monument of Porosena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clovis raised the siege of Soissons on account of a panic caused among the men by a sudden clime from the bells of St. Stephen's church.

**The Time For Surgery.**  
The average woman thinks the sun and stars would cease to shine sooner than that she could interfere with the regular routine of household duties. A Sabella woman was recently informed by her physician that she would have to have an operation performed. She said she didn't see how she could; that Monday was a fast day, Tuesday ironing day, Wednesday the missionary society met, Thursday was the day to clean up, Friday to bake, Saturday to give the children their baths and mend. If he could get it in Sunday after dinner and before evening services perhaps she would try it.—Kansas City Journal.

**The Sardianians.**  
Sardinia was said to place in the middle of the last century. A traveler says: "The men are clothed in goat-skins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woollen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woollen gown and a woollen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort, and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people ashore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardinians are the Malays of the Mediterranean."

**Nature's Method.**  
When one is sick there is usually something in the stomach that nature wants to throw up. When one has diarrhea nature is striving to remove offending material from the system. When one perspires profusely nature is getting rid of blood poisons through the skin. One should never attempt to check any such effort without being sure that its arrest will be beneficial.  
**It's Queer.**  
"It's queer!"  
"What?"  
"The man who pays as he goes is most welcome to stay!"—American Spectator.

**Patsy Doodle**  
By Harriet Batchelor Bradner  
Copyright, 1906, by Baby Douglas  
Hadley's horse was stepping slowly down the country road, with an occasional toss of his high bred head whenever a familiar fly alighted on his glossy coat. The reins lay inertly in the young doctor's hands, for his mind was far afield. After a long silence he turned to the girl beside him and asked in a voice that he could not keep quite steady:  
"Your answer is final, then? You won't marry me? And you—you don't love me?" he added, with a helpless movement of his head. "Why, Elizabeth, I can't realize it; I really cannot." And the blue eyes he turned on her were full of tears.  
"I—Edward," she began, "Edward, I can't bear to hurt you, but—" And her voice lost itself in a quick sob.  
The young man put a quivering hand over the ones she had locked in her lap.  
"Don't cry, little Bess," he said huskily. "It hurts me terribly to see you. If you can't love me, you can't, I suppose, and I'll have to bear it like many another man. But I—well, I loved you so much that it didn't seem possible that you could help liking me—just a little."

That this humble, suffering man could be the same cold, unmoved person who had, only a short time since, with such reluctance and then ill concealed impatience, left her for the bedside of a dying old woman seemed incredible to Elizabeth. But she clung to her decision to give him up, a course of action made imperative by the dictates of her reason, so she answered hesitatingly:  
"I am so sorry, Edward, but I can't."  
They rode along in silence, the thoroughbred moving with nearly noiseless steps, and as they were turning an abrupt bend in the road half a mile



RAISED HIM WITH A SENSE OF MOVEMENT WHICH WAS A REVELATION.

farther down a thin groan struck up from the tall wayside weeds. Hadley brought his horse to a standstill by a violent jerk.  
"What's that?" he asked sharply.  
"Listen!"  
Again the sound was repeated—a faint, pitiful note of pain.  
"It's a baby," declared Elizabeth, trembling.  
"And it's hurt," Elizabeth was already poised between the wheels of the runabout and in an instant was striding through the long grass, which he suddenly stooped to part. After an appreciable space he straightened up and held out a hand to Elizabeth, who had followed him, and the girl's fingers closed tightly over it as she leaned forward to peer into the grass.  
"Oh, Ned, a puppy!" she exclaimed, relief and fresh pity blending in her voice, for at their feet lay a poor little morsel of a dog. His little black nose was dry and bleached with pain, and the soft curly white of his hair, through which the skin showed faintly pink, was soiled by blood and dirt, and, saddest of all, one tiny hind leg lay shattered and limp in a pool of blood.  
"Some brute has run over him and crushed him in the gutter to die," Hadley said, his hand between his teeth. "I don't know who it was."  
In a moment he stooped and, slipping his hands under the little creature, raised him with a gentleness of movement which was a revelation to Elizabeth and which filled her eyes with sudden tears.  
"I'll have to ask you to drive," said the doctor as he got in the runabout after her; "it would hurt cruelly to put him down." And then as he saw the anxious questioning of her eyes he answered: "I think I can fix him up all right. The leg is badly broken, but he's so young I think it will mend quickly." He fell to watching the quivering heart beat against the tiny ribs. The tip of a pale little tongue was shown in the dry mouth, and a great brown ear fringed with black drooped listlessly against the white pulsing throat.  
"Isn't he beautiful?" sighed the girl.  
"How like a little hurt child he looks! What does make people so careless and

so cruel? As she said her head sorrowfully away he came fell upon a small boy standing in a roadside. "Little boy," she called, stopping the horse. "Do you know where this dog this lay?"  
A pair of small eyes were obediently focused upon the puppy.  
"Yep," he answered after a moment's survey; "that's Sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle. No; you can't find Sammy. Him an' his maw moved to Flatville day 'for yester day. She's a widow woman. Course they didn't take him—doggies is too easy got-an' they had 'nough to cart along 'thout Patsy Doodle. Why, they had three." But her interest in the Casey's movements having been satisfied, Elizabeth suddenly touched the horse with the whip, and in a moment they had left the discursive urchin far behind.  
Once in Hadley's office the little dog was deposited upon the table and his broken leg bound up with soft and tender fingers. With the intelligence often vouchsafed his kind, Patsy Doodle seemed content to lie quite still and relaxed in the atmosphere of sympathy. So motionless was his attitude that they thought he was sleeping, but when Elizabeth withdrew her hand from the head she had been softly stroking the great brown eyes, still bloodshot with pain, opened immediately with an anxious expression, and the puppy lifted his drooping ears inquiringly.  
"See, Bess; he misses your touch," said Hadley, dropping the towel with which he was drying his hands.

With a murmur of tenderness, Elizabeth slipped her hand under the soft little head, and after a snuggling movement of the nose, which was becoming moist again, Patsy Doodle gave a little breathing of content and, closing his beautiful eyes, fell asleep, like a tired child.  
When the office had been restored to its former immaculate order Hadley walked to the open window and stood looking moodily out upon the summer street, but when Elizabeth stirred in her chair he turned quickly, for his mind was centered only upon the occupants of the office. She beckoned him, and he came across at once, seating himself on a corner of the table.  
For a moment neither spoke; then the girl lifted her face and said in a tone that thrilled her companion:  
"Ned, dear, I've done you a horrible injustice."

Hadley leaned forward, suddenly.  
"How?" he asked, with eager eyes.  
Elizabeth caught a fluttering breath. "You remember the night they brought you the message that that old lady was dying and how you hated to go? Well, I thought your professor had made you cold and hard and unfeeling, as it has so many men, and after you had gone I—I decided that I couldn't love a man like that." Her voice trailed off unceremoniously.

The doctor's eyes darkened. "That's another and the worst of the tricks that miserable old woman has played on me!" he declared hotly. "Sweetheart"—his eyes claimed her attention—"I know there wasn't a thing on earth the matter with her when they sent for me. Some member of her family had probably got up sufficient nerve to put into execution a long cherished plan or something of that sort. She'd been dying regularly for the last two years whenever the little dog came to see her. And to think she came so near separating us!" He slipped his hand under the one in which the little dog's head lay. "I owe everything to the intervention of Sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle."

"Our Patsy Doodle," gently corrected Elizabeth.

**A Difficult Matter.**  
There was strong family feeling in Brooklyn whenever any question of a member of the little community arose. The matter of Abel Wood's arrest illustrated the state of affairs.  
"You see, we all knew he'd been dishonest in his dealings and that he'd ought to be put away for a spell, and the warrant was issued," said Mr. Hall, explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unnecessary delay in a simple process of the law. "But 'twas kind of hard for us to settle on the best place to arrest him."

"You see it had got to be done either at his mother's—that's the only dog woman for extra scrubbing in the place—or else at his uncle's—that's the express agent, and none too obliging even when he's feeling pleasant—or else at his brother-in-law's—that's the only man in town that's got a fast class carpenter's set-out, monkey wrench and all. Anyway, the sheriff, being his first cousin, made it kind of awkward, now I tell you."

"Seems to me we did pretty well to get him arrested inside of a week, considering what drawbacks we had to contend with."  
**To Run the Gantlet.**  
"To run the gantlet" originated in Germany and traveled thence to England, finally becoming domesticated in America. In both the German and English armies, and in the militia about the time of the settlement of America running the gantlet was a punishment for misbehavior, the soldiers of a company or regiment being placed in two lines facing each other, each man armed with a switch. The culprit ran between the two files and received upon his bare back the switches of his comrades. An officer stood by to award the punishment was properly enforced, and any soldier who failed to do his duty was himself liable to make the journey between the two files. The Indians, along the coast of Virginia are said to have observed the punishment inflicted upon some sailors of an English man-of-war and immediately adopted the idea for torturing their enemies; hence came the belief that the punishment or torture was peculiar to the aborigines of North America.

**SWEET MELODY FLOUR.**  
It is a well known medical fact that pine resin is most effective in the treatment of diseases of the bladder and kidneys. Sufferers from catarrh and other troubles due to faulty action of the kidneys find relief in the use of Pine-ules. \$1.00 per 30 days treatment. Sold by F. G. Bland.

**SWEET MELODY FLOUR.**  
A cold taken at this time of the year is generally hard to get rid of but it will not be able to withstand Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar. That will cure all colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, etc., by driving them out through the bowels. If you have a cold, try it and if not cured you get your money back. No opiates. Sold by F. G. Bland.

**ARE YOU BUILDING?**  
ARE you spending as you go—or are you laying the "foundation" for a competence which shall make your future one of ease and comfort?  
In building a fortune—as in building a house—the "foundation" must be laid properly.  
Commence now—lay the "foundation" today—by opening an account in our Savings Department.  
**4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Saving Accounts.**  
**Pocket Banks Loaned Free to Savings Depositors.**  
**EMPIRE NATIONAL BANK.**  
Main and Fourth Sts. Clarksburg, W. Va.  
**CAPITAL \$250,000.**

**Spanish Politician.**  
It has been said that the French are the most polite people in the world, writes our lady correspondent in San Sebastian, but I do not think any one who really knows them will agree. However, they have some charming little ways, and when they are rude it is because they are deep down thoroughly selfish. My personal opinion is that the Spaniard is about the most delightfully polite person one can possibly encounter. If you ask your way in the street of some ordinary woman, she will almost certainly go out of her way to accompany you down the street and to carefully put you on the right road. They are very cheerful and gay, but they are never vulgar, as we understand the word in England. Even the men in the streets who stand and frankly stare at a pretty girl do it in a light hearted, pleasant way which does not give offense. As to the manners of Spanish men belonging to the best society, they are almost perfect. Watch a Spaniard of distinction address his mother or any elderly lady and you will see a manner which is tender and caressing and at the same time exquisitely protective.—London Tribune.

**An Unexpected Owner.**  
Nearly all the giddy youth of the neighborhood attended the charity bazaar, and one by one they drifted to a stall where a tiny, shapely, scented gray kid glove reposed on a satin cushion. Attached to the cushion was a notice written in a delicate feminine hand, which ran: "The owner of this glove will, at 7:30 this evening, be pleased to kiss any person who purchases a sixpenny ticket beforehand." Tickets were purchased by the score, and at 7:30 a long row of expectant, not to say dogmatic, young bloods were assembled outside the stall.  
Then, punctual to the moment, old Tom Porson, the local pork butcher, who weighs twenty stone and is almost as beautiful as a side of bacon, stepped to the front of the stall.  
"Now, young gentles," he said in his best "buy, buy, buy" tones, "this 'ere glove belongs to me. I bought it this morning. Now I'm ready for you. Come on. Don't be bashful. One at a time!"  
But nobody came on.—London Telegraph.

**A Rehearsing Stone.**  
The old rehearsing stone at Stirling, England, was protected in 1887 by public subscription, raised at the instance of the Stirling Natural History and Archaeological society. It was then inclosed in an iron cage. There is another relic of public execution in Stirling in the museum of the Smith Institute in that city. It is the bowl which the public executioner used when he went around the market taking a measure of meal from every farmer's sack.

**Impossible Diagnosis.**  
"The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals," said the doctor.  
"Nonsense!" replied the boy's father. "A boy can't eat in his sleep."  
"I mean that each of his meals begins when he gets up in the morning and ends when he goes to bed,"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Happy Days.**  
However varied the courses of our life, whatever the phase of pleasure and ambition through which it has swept, still, when in memory we would revive the times that were comparatively the happiest, these times will be found to have been the calmest.—Bulwer Lytton.

**Giving and Receiving.**  
Hall Porter (to person soliciting a favor at a ministry)—The minister receives from 10 o'clock to midday—  
"All right," says the other, "But at what hour does he give?"—Paris Figaro.

**Low and Loud.**  
He—A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor. She—Yes—and raises her voice if she does not get it.—Illustrated Bits.

**London's Froze.**  
No poet has ever been a bad prose writer, whenever he cared to drop from poetry into prose; but it is doubtful whether any poet has been quite so fine, accomplished and persistent a prose writer as Landor. "Poetry," he tells us in one of his most famous passages, "was always my amusement, peace my study and business. I have published five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations,' out the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select. Without his prose Landor is indeed but half, if he is half, himself.—Arthur Symonds in Atlantic.

**WANTED—Good cook.**  
SABELLA was a bride.  
Knew well how to cook;  
Wasn't any doubt of that!  
Learned it from a book.  
Isabella baked a batch;  
Biscuits, "Bridget" tried.  
When she took the biscuits out,  
Isabella cried.  
"Never mind," said Hubby dear,  
"Throw away your book!  
Telegram Wants most certainly,  
Must contain a cook!"  
Isabella advertised;  
Got good cook next day.  
Cook's been with her three long years,  
Looks like she will stay.  
MORAL.  
Advertise your wants in  
THE TELEGRAM.

**BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.**  
Schedule Effective May 27, 1906.  
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.  
• Daily. 1 Daily except Sunday. 2 Sunday only.  
MAIN LINE, EASTBOUND.  
Cumberland, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, Depart \*3.52, a.m., \*5.34 p.m. \*9.35 p.m.  
Arrive \*12.53 a.m., \*9.55 a.m., \*7.28 p.m.  
Grafton Accom., Depart \*10.22 a.m., \*7.18 p.m. Arrive \*7.26 a.m., \*3.40 p.m., \*6.02 p.m.  
MAIN LINE, WESTBOUND.  
Parkersburg, Cincinnati, Louisville & St. Louis, Depart \*12.53 a.m., \*9.58 a.m., \*7.28 p.m. Arrive \*3.52 a.m., \*5.35 p.m., \*9.35 p.m.  
Parkersburg Accom., Depart \*7.26 a.m., \*3.40 p.m. Arrive \*10.22 a.m., \*7.18 p.m., \*5.05 p.m.  
W. VA. & PITTS., NORTHBOUND.  
Connellsville and Pittsburgh, Depart \*6.11 a.m., \*10.25 a.m., \*10.30 a.m. Arrive \*3.30 p.m., \*11.01 a.m., \*11.05 p.m.  
Fairmont and Morgantown, Depart \*6.15 a.m., \*10.25 a.m., \*10.30 a.m., \*4.00 p.m., \*7.05 p.m. Arrive \*8.40 a.m., \*2.25 a.m., \*3.50 p.m., \*4.00 p.m., \*11.05 p.m.  
W. VA. & PITTS., SOUTHBOUND.  
Weston, Depart \*6.00 a.m., \*10.30 a.m., \*11.25 a.m., \*4.00 p.m. Arrive \*6.15 a.m., \*8.55 a.m., \*9.40 a.m., \*12.00 p.m., \*7.05 p.m.  
Pittsburgh, Depart \*6.00 a.m., \*10.30 a.m., \*11.25 a.m., \*4.00 p.m. Arrive \*6.15 a.m., \*8.55 a.m., \*9.40 a.m., \*12.00 p.m., \*7.05 p.m.  
VEST VA. SHORT LINE.  
New Martinsville & Wheeling Accom., Depart \*5.40 a.m., \*2.30 p.m. Arrive \*11.18 a.m., \*8.40 p.m.  
**DeWITT'S Witch Hazel SALVE.** For Piles, Burns, Sores.